

XII

THE
Shepherdes of the Alps;

A
COMIC OPERA,

IN
THREE ACTS.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.]

643.6

Specimens of the Alps

COMPTON

THE ALPS

[THE ONE SHILLING SIX PENCE]

643.e.11
4

T H E

Shepherdefs of the Alps :

A

C O M I C O P E R A ,

I N

T H R E E A C T S .

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY, No. 46, Fleet-street.

M,DCC,LXXX.

CHARACTERS.

M E N.

Marquis of Bellemine,	-	Mr. WILSON.
Count Triste,	- - -	Mr. EDWIN.
Abbé de la Mouche,	- - -	Mr. ROBSON.
Young Bellemine,	- - -	Mr. VERNON.
Blaife,	- - - -	Mr. REINHOLD.
Guillot,	- - - -	Mr. QUICK.
La Pierre,	- - - -	Mr. BRUNSDON.
Dubois,	- - - -	Mr. JONES.

W O M E N.

Marchioness,	- - -	Mrs. PITT.
Adelaide,	- - - -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Jeannotte,	- - - -	Mrs. WILSON.
Renette,	- - - -	Miss PLATT.

*The Stanza in Page 69, marked with turn'd Commas
is omitted in the Representation.*

THE
SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A view of the mountains of *Savoy*, in the road from *Brançon* to *Medina*. This view is a valley broke by little hills, between which rush irregular cascades; these are again broke by the appearance of some cottages, which are distributed in perspective to the very farthest distance: the distance consists of mountains covered with snow; near the cottages are little groups of evergreens; under one of the hills is a small vineyard, and, in the front, is a kind of outhouse, where *Blaise*, *Guillot*, *Renette*, *Jeannotte*, and other villagers are discovered, with a press, baskets of grapes, and other materials for making wine. Afterwards *La Piere*.

CHORUS.

*P*RESS the wine, press the wine,
Our annual harvest is begun;
Red as a rose
The liquor flows,
And shortly we shall drink the wine,
To cheer our hearts when labour's done.

B

'Tis

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B

'Tis

2 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

*'Tis the right body, strong and rough,
Let us the hogsheds fill;
Come, neighbour, come, you've work'd enough,
Now let me take a spill.*

Blaise. Guillot, nephew Guillot, thou standest as idle, why do'st not take away the husks of the old grapes, and bring a fresh basket to put in the press? we shan't get done. Thou forgettest, I suppose, that to-morrow is to be our wine-harvest?

Guil. No, I don't, uncle Blaise; nor that I am to be married to Jeannotte neither, and that's better still.

Blaise. Well, well; business first, and pleasure afterwards, Guillot. (*La Pierre comes on*) Servant, good people :---Pray can any of you tell me which is the way to the cottage of Master Blaise?

Blaise. I am Master Blaise, my friend: what would'st thou please to have?

La P. A lucky rencounter, my friend! the Marquis De Bellemine and his Lady, who stopped here some months ago, in their way to Italy, are now hard by in their carriage, and have very earnest business with you.

Ren. O husband! as sure as you are alive they are come to take away Adelaide from us.

La P. Oh, what that's your pretty Shepherdess of the Alps that we have heard so much talk about?----No, no friend, 'tis a different sort of a story, I can tell you that.

Blaise. Ay! what is it, pray?

La P. A shocking affair, friend, a shocking affair!---they have lost their only son, and are now in search after him; that's all.

Ren.

Ren. Mercy, dear! that's sad indeed.---Husband, don't let them wait in the coach.

Blaise. Wait in the coach! no, not for the world! Wife Renette, do you run home and brush up the things: Jeannotte, do you help her: Guillot, go and call Adelaide. Come, come, stir.

A I R.

*Here, Renette, I say, dear wife, prithee go,
And range, o'er the mantle, the things in a row;
Set abroach the best barrel, and take special care,
To polish the table, and set the arm chair;
And wife, above all, do you mind me---stay, stay;
Dear, me, now, what was I a going to say?
Oh, nothing;---now Guillot, why, child, thou stand'st
still!
Run quickly to Adelaide, she's on yonder hill;
Tell her, that's a good lad, she must instant come home,
For the gentlefolks, once more, to see us are come;
She'll know who you mean, grand madam, and sir,
And there's none of us fit, to receive them, but her;
That's all; prithee, go now, don't stand like an elf,
And, Jeannotte, do you;---no, I'll do that myself;
We've enough to employ us,---pray, go if you please,
We must all be as busy as so many bees.*

4 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

SCENE II. Guillot, Jeannotte, Renette [*who presently goes off.*]

Guil. I'cod, my uncle's in a woundy hurry, he has forgot his grapes and his wine now.

Ren. Ay, ay, and no wonder; go child and call Adelaide; Jeannotte, do you come along with me,
[*goes off.*]

Ican. I'll follow you directly; well, Guillot, why don't you go and do what you were bid?

Guil. I'cod, I am afraid.

Ican. Afraid, of what?

Guil. Of you.

Ican. Of me!

Guil. Yes, of you; don't I know very well you'd be as jealous as fury about it!

Ican. Who's fault's that? en't you always smirking up to her, and saying soft things in her ear? do you think I don't take notice of your oglings, and leerings?

Guil. Me, ogle and leer! I wish I may die, whenever she comes near me, if I don't run away from her as fast as my legs can carry me; no, no, I thank you, I likes peace and quietness a little too much for that.

Ican. Why, then, if I do scold you, it's all because I can't bear to see an upstart creature come from nobody knows where——

Guil. Why, for the matter of that, Jeannotte, every-body says she must be a gentlewoman by distraction.

Ican

Ican. Every-body says? Yes, every-body says a fine pack of nonsense about her education, and her manners, and her beauty. I should be sorry, indeed, if she was the only beauty in the village, [*bridling.*]

Guil. I'cod, I don't know whether she's handsome or ugly; you always takes 'care that I shan't look at her enough for that.

Ican. Yes, indeed, you thinks 'tis very easy to blind me; I suppose you don't intend to look at her, neither when you go to call her home?

Guil. Why, if you are afraid of it, you had better go and call her yourself.

Ican. Shall I Guillot? And do you forgive me, Guillot, for being so hasty?

Guil. I can't say I do quite, Jeannotte, and so what signifies lying? [*sullen.*]

Ican. But I have no cause to be jealous, have I?

Guil. Why lord, you know you have not as well as I do.

Ican. Give me your hand, then, and we'll make it all up.

Guil. Nay, as to that, we'll kifs and be friends if you will.

A I R.

6 THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS:

A I R.

Jean. *When jealous out of season,
When deaf and blind to reason,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're overflowing,
Not why, or whether, knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.*

II,

*But when the fit is over,
And kindness from the lover,
Does ev'ry doubt destroy;
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.*

SCENE III. Guillot.

Guil. Ay, 'tis all very well; but I know, in half an hour's time, 'twill be just as bad again; lord, lord, what a fine life I am likely to lead with her! to be sure she is the best girl in the world if she was not so confounded jealous; I'cod I don't know what 'tis for; I am not so handsome, as I knows of, and then she talks of loving me so plaguely! hang me, if one might

might not as well be hated as scolded from morning 'till night. If I could but hit of a way to cure her of it! I was thinking, that suppose I made love to Adelaide out of a joke; but then, lord, she'd never listen to me; what put it in my head was, there's a mad comical sort of a young gentleman has been plaguing me these two days to sell him the stock that father left me, because he wants to turn shepherd; and I have heard them say, that money is no bad thing to go a courting with; well, we shall see, but here comes the gentleman of the gentlefolks; I'll be gone.

SCENE IV. *Guillot, La Piere.*

La. P. Here, stop young man, I want to speak to you; you are going to call the shepherdes, en't you?

Guil. No, Sir, our Jeannotte's gone.

La P. I am damn'd sorry for that, I wanted to see her; and, pray, has this blazing star been long upon your meridian?

Guil. Star, Sir!

La. P. Dam'me, there's no lowering one'sself to the comprehension of these brutes: to speak in your language, then, has this young woman been long in these parts?

Guil. I believe it's about two years, Sir.

La P. And she really is as divinely handsome as she is reported to be?

Guil. Why, as to that, I can't say.

La P.

8 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

La P. I can't say! the clown! you must shew her to me; I am in love with her by reputation.

Guil. I'cod, 'tis my belief she has another guess sort of a reputation than that, tho'

La P. That! what, my friend? I don't understand you.

Guil. Why, then, to fall in love with such folks as you and I.

La P. That's pleasant, by Heaven; my friend, you are deceiv'd, I believe; there is some little distance between you and I.

Guil. 'Tis my opinion there is, saving respect, for you have got a master, and I am master for myself: no offence, I hope.

La P. No, friend, your ignorance is your protection. What! I suppose you take me for one of the followers of the old people? if so, I must tell you that I have the honour to be, in some sort, a companion of the Abbé de la Mouche, famous for his elegance and taste; for his amours, for his poetry, and for his new constructed comb for the eyebrows.

Guil. Ho, ho, ho! Lord, that must be a comical thing! ho, ho, ho!

La P. Ho, ho, ho! the natural! The Abbé, I say, being on a visit at their house, came with them this way, partly in search after their son, who we understand has taken the road to France; and partly, like me, out of curiosity to see this wonderful creature, whose praises they have done nothing but din in our ears ever since they saw her.

Guil. Ah! likely enough.

La P. This, sir, is the way I happened to be in company with the marquis and his lady, who are, by
all

all that's whimsical, the most fantastical, the most contrary, and the most ridiculous couple that ever yoked together in the shackles of matrimony; and, as if they were not absurd enough of themselves; they have brought with them that walking tombstone, Count Triste, who has cried a whole fortnight for the death of a wife, that any other man would have given half his estate to get rid of, and who like other tombstones is continually telling the world of beauties and virtues that the deceased never possessed. But here comes the marquis and his lady.

Guil. And uncle along with them. I'cod, I'll get out of the way, or I shall have it for not going after Adelaide. [*Going.*]

La P. But hear me, young man; I want you, I tell you, to introduce me to this fine creature.

Guil. Me, sir?

La P. Yes.---You'll tell her that I am, as you see; a genteel young fellow; and that—

A I R.

Guil. *I guesses in part what it is you'd be at;
Make me what your master makes you:
But I'm none of your panders, I answer you flat,
So you see, my good friend, it won't do.*

*Ev'ry man to his trade.---Did I flatter and prate,
And make speeches, and congé, and bow;
'Twould be just all as one, with that fine powder'd
pate;
As to set you to work at the plow.*

C

II. Besides,

10 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

II.

Besides, and moreover, I told you before,

'Tis another guess sort of a she;

A sensible one, who would set little store

By two such poor ninnies as we.

You thought that a clown would not dare to say nay,

But you have not found me such an elf;

So if to the young woman you've ought for to say,

You are likely to tell her yourself.

SCENE V. Marquis, Marchioness, and Blaise.

Marque. Don't tell me, I'll never be comforted :
he's dead; nay, I am sure you know it, and conceal
it from me.

Marq. Zounds, my dear! you won't hear reason :
for my part, so far from thinking as you do, I look
upon this little exploit as a smart, spirited thing.
What the devil! a young fellow, with good clothes
on his back, and money in his pocket, lost, or dead!
—A pack of nonsense!

Marque. Why should he fly from us, then?---
From me in particular---so indulgent a mother!

Marq. Oh, my dear, boys, when they come to
be towards twenty, think of something else besides in-
dulent mothers. Take my word for it he is after some
wench.

Marque. Oh! the very thoughts of it would make
me die with confusion.

Marq. Why, what the devil, would you always
tie

tie him to your apron-string? no, no, I hope my boy has too much of my blood in him for that.

Marques. Yonder comes the Abbé.

Marq. Damn the coxcomb, what did you bring him with you for? fire and water are not more opposite than him and me; I am a Roman of the time of the commonwealth, and he is an Italian of the present age, a fellow all pomatum and pulvilio; we should have been here three hours sooner if I could have got him away from his damned toilet.

Marques. Dear Marquis, don't talk such stuff now.

Marq. Nay, only let me draw his picture a little: after combing his eyebrows, and laying his rouge, he threw himself into an arm chair, took three sorts of snuff out of the same snuff-box, sneezed into a white silk handkerchief, wiped his mouth with a pink one, got up, looked in the glass, bridled, whirled about upon his heel, and then answered the salutation of good morrow, which I had given before all this ceremony began.

Marques. Heavens! how can you?

Marq. This done, I had a second impertinence to go through; he made me listen to the contents of his whole pate folio, such a cargo of sonnets, epigrams, lampoons, and pasquinades, enough to furnish out a ballad-singing Savoyard at a Dutch fair. However, you was determined to bring your Abbé, and I have brought my Count; we travel in a great stile, we have each of us a fool.

Marques. Your's is a fool, indeed, with his odious grief for his wife, who was neither amiable nor handsome, and who never loved him.

12 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Marq. Oh, dam'me, I would have him; 'twas impossible to come all this way without some amusement; what with your lamentations for your son, his superficial cry, and the Abbé's supercilious laugh, you make a devilish good trio: but here comes the Abbé.

Marquis, Marchioness, Blaise, Abbé.

Abbé. My dear Marchioness, I have a million of pardons to intreat of you; but it was impossible to quit the carriage till I had adjusted myself a little: my rouge was so rubbed about my face, that my cheeks were as fallow as the Countess of Hypochondria's, and my forehead and nose as red as the Marquis of Burgundy's, who lives upon swallowing pint bumpers; besides, I was struck on the way by the most beautiful idea for a pastoral poem.

Marques. My dear Abbé, I am so unhappy about my son, I have no leisure to reflect on any thing else.

Abbé. Don't make yourself uneasy, madam; the moment we get among the polite circles at Paris, I shall circulate a little poetical hue and cry through the hands of the most distinguished characters, and your lost sheep will be instantly found, I dare swear; but you promised to introduce me to this shepherdess.

Marq. Introduce you! what the devil should she introduce you for? to frighten her! Why, what with your little black cloak, your feathers in your hat, and your wings at your ears, she'll take you for some strange bird of prey going to fly away with one of her lambs. Zounds! if Cato and Cæsar could give a look at Rome in its present state—

Abbé.

Abbé. They would find it filled, sir, with men of elegance, politeness and taste.

Marq. Foppery, luxury and effeminacy! Would any body believe this osier twig was the produce of the same clime where grew so many sturdy oaks? How manners change! Those were the times when a veteran, pinned against a tree, would destroy you fourteen or sixteen of his enemies with his own proper hand; but now, dam'me, if I should not like to see what a figure you'd cut pinned against a tree.

A I R.

*How unlike to these fops were our fathers of old!
Brave, manly, heroic, intrepid and bold;
Who had spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That their pulse struck the seconds as true as a clock.
Without bridle or saddle, who'd mount on a nag,
And kill'd before sun-rise a boar or a stag;
Who, hunger provok'd by the keen, wholesome air,
Would eat you for breakfast a pound of a bear.*

*But a fine mincing modern comes into the room,
A lump of pulvilio, a walking perfume;
In his tricks and his shape,
A direct human ape,
Who ogles and flushes,
And simpers and blushes,
And patches and paints,
And expires and faints,
And stammers and trips,
Takes snuff, bites his lips,
Lisps, coughs and lolls;
But to cut the thing short,
Our men now at court,
Are nothing but so many sixpenny dolls.*

Abbé

14 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Abbé. Savage and barbarous! the antients are only fit to be made subjects of my satires and odes; a delightful people to copy after to be sure!

Marq. They were the only people to copy after; they were manly and brave, friendly and generous; they were strangers to luxury, their meals were frugal, and what nature required; and their dress was made for use, and not for ornament.

Abbé. Their meals! Why, the best cook they ever had was not capable of making a *sauce robert*; I ridiculed them for it in my little Impromptu, written at the bottom of Corregio's picture, where Ajax invites Agamemnon to dinner upon a boiled bull; and as to the rest, they had neither spoons nor forks; nor table cloths, nor napkins; they eat with their fingers like their forefather Adam, and wiped them upon their beards like Methusalem.

Marq. Very well, Mr. Fop.

Abbé. No, no, Marquis, our buildings, our ornaments, our dress, our eating, are so many refinements that do honour to the present age, and horridly expose the ignorance of our ancestors.

Marq. All this may be true in the language of foppery; but, in the language of common sense, in your buildings and ornaments you have exchanged solid for superficial; your dress has metamorphosed the human species into apes and monkeys; and as to your repasts, you have inverted the seasons to procure eatables without their natural flavour; and all your improvements have only taught you to have peas and strawberries at Christmas, and melons and pine-apples, in despite of nature.

Abbé.

Abbé. Go on, Sir, 'twill only serve as minutes for my next pasquinade.

Marq. As for you, you are out of measure ridiculous ; you thought you could not sufficiently disgrace your family, which is truly antient and noble, by imitating the other fashionable follies and extravagancies, but you must get into the church, be made an Abbé, one of that mongrel kind of animals who now indeed swarm all over the world, half clergyman, half coxcomb.

Abbé. Well, Marquis, we had better not dispute, for, I fancy, we shall never agree. At present, I believe, the Marchioness wishes to repose herself ; therefore, good man, if you'll shew us your place we shall be obliged to you.

Blaise. To be sure, Sir, if your honour pleases.

Abbé. And then, my dear Madam, you shall introduce me to the Shepherdess.

SCENE VI. Marquis and Count.

Mar. Those are your nobles of the present times ; if my son had nothing more noble about him, he should not catch me scampering, the devil knows where, over the Alps after him in compliment to any wife in the world ; bur here comes a coxcomb of another kind ; a fellow who cries for his wife with one eye, and leers at every girl he meets with the other ; I shall divert myself with him, or I am mistaken. What, still unhappy, Count ? Zounds, man ! I thought this journey would have diverted you.

Count.

16 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Count. Ah, I told you, Marquis, what a wretched companion I should make for you.

Marq. Come, come, you must shake off your chagrin; consider you are going to see the lovely Shepherdess of the Alps, and would you visit your mistress with a face a yard long?

Count. Mistress! lord, Marquis, how you rattle! me think of a mistress, indeed, who have so lately lost such a treasure, my poor dear! Ah, thou best of wives, when shall I ever see thy fellow!

Marq. I tell you this Shepherdess is her very picture, has every trace of her, from the cast of her eye, to the mole upon her left cheek, that people used to take for a black patch.

Count. Captivating ornament!

Marq. She has, I assure you; in short, I am determin'd you shall see her; your sorrow preys too much upon you, and the only way to forget one woman is to make love to another.

Count. Do you think so?

Marq. I am sure of it.

Count. Why this grief is very terrible without doubt; and, if there was any way to cure it---but then how could I expect any woman would listen to me, broke down as I am by affliction?

Marq. Not listen to you! damn it, don't talk to me in that stile, don't I remember when you and I went to Venice.

Count. What, upon the road, the lovely Brunetta who played upon the mandilina?

Marq. Ah, rogue!

Count. I shall never forget her; what eyes!

Marq. What teeth!

I

Count.

Count. Pearl.

Marq. What cheeks !

Count. Roses.

Marq. With the dew upon them when she cried at parting from you, eh, Count !

Count. Oh, never was man so happy.

Marq. Where was the Countess then ?

Count. Alas ! poor soul, she little thought I was wronging her ; but my sins are punished, for she is taken away from me, and I shall never be happy any more.

Marq. Yes, you will. Come, come, prepare yourself to see this wonder, she'll wound you deeper than the Brunetta did.

Count. No, no, I won't think of it ; melancholy shall be my only mistress ; nor shall I expect relief but in the cold tomb ! Are you going to see her now ?

Marq. Presently.

Count. Well, adieu.---I'll find out some corner where I may indulge my misery. (*Going*)---And so she resembles my poor deceased dear ! (*returns*)---I should like just to see her.

Marq. You shall not only see her, but have her in your arms.

Count. What, and press her to my bosom !---No, no ; don't talk so.

Marq. You shall, I tell you.---The charming, tempting, heavenly——

Count. Yielding creature !---hey, Marquis !

Marq. Ay, this is something like : zounds ! to think of blubbering and crying ! and yet, to say the truth, I don't wonder at it, for women make us just what they please.

D

SCENE

18 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS

SCENE VII. Count.

Count. He's very right, they do make us just what they please, indeed.

A I R.

*There's something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age;
And she who would frighten a mere stander-by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.*

*If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.*

II.

*If a pigmy, how neat are her air and her mien!
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a queen:
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune says---World hold your tongue!*

*In short, to dear women 'tis given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to tease,
To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things more;
They're the deities men were all born to adore.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII. Guillot, and Young Bellemine.

Guil. Indeed, sir, 'tis a very foolish thing, and I would not have you think any more of it.

Y. B. That's my affair, Guillot.

Guil. Unless I sell you my cottage, and sheep, in short, all my stock, you shall be unhappy!---I don't understand it for my part.

Y. B. And yet, Guillot, 'tis very true.

Guil. What a whim, sir, under favour!---A gentleman, as you seem to be, rich, and well-born, to come here and keep sheep!

Y. B. What would you have me say to you?----'Tis for my pleasure---I come to taste at a distance from the town that happiness which heaven has in store for you. The candour that reigns in your eyes, convinces me your happy days are the charming image of the golden age. To know love is to know happiness; 'tis in the woods he is born: the humblest estate is, for me, the sweetest; and your's seems the retreat of innocence and tranquillity.

Guil. For me, who am a shepherd, I swear to you, that our lives have some good moments, but it's hard, it's hard.

Y. B. I know all this, Guillot; and yet I persist.

Guil. Well, I can't help it, Sir; I must not consent to it. What would our neighbours say?---To be sure, if I had a mind, nobody could furnish you with better things for your purpose, than I---let me see---I have a---but, no, no, no; I can't think of it.---Servant, Sir, (*going*)

20 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Y. B. Nay, Guillot, pray come back. I'll give you a handsome price for your things.

Guil. No, no, sir; 'tis not that. I dare say you have money enough, and no doubt but you would part with it in a gentleman-like way; and, as I said before, if things were agreeable, I don't know any body could match you better than I; but, Lord! only consider; 'tis wrong, sir, 'tis indeed: how many sheep did you please to want?

Y. B. I'll buy all you have.

Guil. All I have! oh, no; I could not spare you all I have; besides, what should you buy any for?

Y. B. Well but, Guillot —

[*As they are disputing, the symphony begins.*]

A I R.

Guil. *I've twenty sheep now in the fold,
Twelve ewes, eight weathers, one year old.*

Y. B. *For those same sheep a hundred crowns.*

Guil. *Oh zounds!*

Y. B. *Nay, nay.*

Guil. *I won't I say.*

Y. B. *Sho, sho.*

Guil. *No, no.*

Sir, 'tis too much; you're wrong, you're wrong.

Y. B. *I tell you, Guillot, hold your tongue.*

Guil. *Well, if it must be so, it must;
You'll say 'twas forc'd on me, I trust.*

Y. B.

Y. B. *My friend, you really are too nice ;
A hundred crowns ! 'tis just the price :
Come, come, go on.*

Guil. *I'd rather not.*

Y. B. *Nay, prithee, be not such a sot.*

Guil. *My cottage neat as e'er you saw,
Thatch'd but last autumn with new straw—*

Y. B. *Well, well, for that two hundred crowns.*

Guil. *Oh zounds ! &c.*

Guil. *Why, you'll take all !*

Y. B. *'Tis my design ;
And for your clothes I'll give you mine.*

Guil. *The village all would say 'twas pride.*

Y. B. *Come, Guillot, what have you beside ?*

Guil. *Why, I've a faithful dog as true,
But he'll be of no use to you.*

Y. B. *Well, for the dog I'll give ten crowns.*

Guil. *Oh zounds ! &c.*

SCENE, *Almost the same View differently distributed ; on one Side is a Hill ; at the Bottom of the Hill an old Oak ; and, at the Foot of the Oak, a kind of rustic Tomb.*

Adelaide is discovered seated.

*Here my afflicted mind nourishes its pain ; I cry,
and I am comforted ; 'twas here I saw my husband ;
here, alas ! I kept him from the battle ; here he bid
me adieu ; here I waited his return ; here, being dis-
honoured,*

22 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

honoured, lost without resource, he seized the moment, while I had fallen senseless at the news, to take away that life which I had rendered odious; and, Oh! cruel and tender remembrance, 'twas here I built his tomb! but what flock moves this way? I never before saw the shepherd who conducts them; I'll turn aside to avoid his presence.

SCENE IX. Bellemine.

A I R.

Y. Bell. *By love and fortune guided,
I quit the busy town;
With cot and sheep provided,
And vestments of a clown.*

*Thus have I barter'd riches
For a shepherd's little stock;
A crook, to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock;
A faithful dog, my steps to guide,
A scrip and hautboy by my side;
And my horn, to give the alarm
When wolves would harm
My flock.*

II.

*Ah, say then who can blame me?
For beauty 'tis I roam;
But, if the chase should tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.
'Till then I'll give up riches, &c.*

At last I am a shepherd; how many contending sensations do I feel! ah! finish, love, let me behold her, the report alone of whose charms induced me to leave my country and my family. Beautiful and touching Adelaide! perhaps thou wilt listen to a timid shepherd, when thou wouldst startle at the voice of love! alas, the god thou fleest is my guide; but let me rather seek occasion to do her kindness than surprise her too abruptly; yonder she is; I cannot be mistaken, I'll watch upon her steps for ever but I'll find out some way to oblige her. [*He retires.*]

SCENE X. Adeliade, Young Bellemine *behind*.

Ade. He is gone, and I am irresistibly drawn again towards this spot.

Y. Bel. Gods, what an angel!

Ade. Hark! here's some one coming.

Y. Bel. Shall I speak to her? [*coming forward*] Here comes that fool Guillot, I must step aside or he'll discover me. Gods, what an angel! [*goes off.*]

SCENE XI. Adelaide, Guillot, Jeannotte.

Ade. Heaven defend me! what do I see, who is that, Guillot?

Jean. Yes, 'tis Guillot out of his senses; Guillot grown rich; in short, Guillot who so loved me yesterday, today hates me worse than poison.

Ade. What's the meaning of all this! how came you so fine, Guillot?

Guil. Another gentleman and I changed clothes, that's all.

Ade. But why does your finery make you despise Jeannotte?

Guil. For a very good reason; I intends to make love.

Ade. Alas! Guillot, broken vows and inconstancy will never recommend you to me.

Guil. Oh lord, I shan't be false-hearted to you a bit, I always had a sort of a sneaking for you; only I thought when I was but a poor shepherd, you'd turn up your nose at me; I hardly believe you will now though.

Jean. Did any body ever hear such a wretch? I'll tear your eyes out! and I'll tear her eyes out! and I won't suffer it, so I won't.

Guil. How will you do to help yourself? you see, Mrs. Jeannotte, what your jealousy has brought you to, and so no more words; if Adelaide will have me, I'll have her.

Ade. This love, then, which is said to be so sweet, makes, every-where, unhappiness. If it is dangerous for shepherds, for whom is it harmless?

A COMIC OPERA. 23

A I R.

Chorus. *Alas! they say, how sweet is love!
And talk of joys that lovers prove;
'Tis folly, madness all and rage,
Its joy's an hour, its pain an age.*

Ade. *Come, come, be friends, I see the truth,
This is some quarrel.*

Guil. *No, forsooth,
'Tis honest earnest.*

Jean. *What, again!
Thou art the basest of all men;
I cannot bear it, so I can't.*

Ade. *Come, come, dry up her tears.*

Guil. *I shan't.
I've said my mind, and I say still,
If I can get your kind good will,
I'll marry you to-night.*

Jean. *Oh, dear!
Such unkind usage who can bear!*

Cho. *Alas! &c.*

Ade. *Plainly, friend, Guillot, hear me speak;
Those who their vows of love can break,
Each promise false, each oath a lie,
As from an adder would I fly.*

Guil. *I say, you take not the thing right!
She's cross, and scolds from morn till night;
That all the neighbours cry out shame.*

Ade. *If that's the case, then, she's to blame;*

26 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS;

*Sweetness and gentleness should move,
Alone, to a return of love;
But if 'tis owing to her fears,
Lest she should lose you, dry her tears.*

Guil. *Not I, indeed.*

Jean. *There now see there!*

Guil. *I've neither for her love nor care;
And if you'll have me not, d'ye see,
Another may---all's one to me,*

Jean. *I'll bear't no longer, perjur'd wretch!*

Guil. *There, there, you see it was no fetch.*

Cho. *Alas! &c,*

[They go off at the End of the Trio different Ways.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The same View that was seen at the beginning of the first Act.*

Young Bellemine.

I'VE watched till I have lost myself ; but how to accost her---how to manage the timidity of this solitary beauty---if she is unhappy, her heart will have need of consolation. After all, we seem as if we were alone in the universe, and shall be every thing to each other. If we converse, we shall not be far from friendship, and friendship, at our age, oft changes into love ; but she is here. If I am right in my observation, she has already some curiosity concerning me ; I'll draw aside and endeavour to heighten it, by mingling with her song the sound of my hautboy.

SCENE II. Adelaide.

Ade. The nightingale gives me his wonted evening salutation ; and, as I return with my flock, answers my sighs with a sweet complaining song. [*she sings*]

Sweet melancholy bird again---

[*Hautboy plays.*]

Heavens ! what do I hear ! a hautboy accompanies me ; 'tis the shepherd who leads his sheep to feed at the foot

of the mountain. [*Hautboy again.*] A shepherd!---let us listen---[*again*] 'tis an enchantment; is it possible to believe that sentiment, alone, can be so faithful a guide! who will dare after this to say, that taste is the fruit of a slow culture? It seems as if fortune pitied me, and sent this shepherd as a new echo to answer to my griefs.

A I R.

*Sweet melancholy bird, again,
As thou art wont at every eve
My hopeless sorrow in soft strain,
Ah echo to me, and relieve.*

*Alas! to answer my sad woe,
In sympathy all nature grieves;
The rivers seem with tears to flow,
The zephyr sighs amidst the leaves.*

Adc. A shepherd this! but hold; the Marquis of Bellemine is in search after his only son; it must be so; but here he comes; his air, his manner, his address all confirm me in my suspicions; I'll speak to him; oh how I shall bless this accident if I can console this unfortunate pair!

SCENE

SCENE III. Adelaide, Young Bellemine.

Ade. Do you lead your sheep far from hence, shepherd?

Y. B. I don't lead them at all, they go themselves to the pastures which they love.

Ade. You are not of these parts then?

Y. B. No.

Ade. Nor, as it should seem, born to be a shepherd.

Y. B. Since I am one, doubtless I was born to be so; I know not where I am. [*Aside*]

Ade. He seems troubled, and, as if fearful of being betrayed; 'tis surely as I guessed: no, no, your air, your language, all convince me that heaven designed you a more favourable lot.

Y. B. Why should you think so? 'twould be as reasonable for me to believe the same thing of you; you have the air of an inhabitant of the woods, and yet in that estate I see you; but nature is the mother of shepherds as well as kings; and sometimes with a light and favouring hand bestows talents and graces on the simple and timid shepherd as the object of her choice. The flowers which are born in the country want no culture; nor have the birds that sing so sweetly any lessons but those of nature.

Ade. I am convinc'd---you would deceive me I tell you. The art with which you animated the hautboy, in a simple inhabitant of the woods would, indeed, be a rare prodigy.

Y. B.

30 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Y. B. 'Tis your voice tis the prodigy in a simple shepherdess. [*Insinuating.*]

Ade. What has instructed you?

Y. B. My heart and my ear. You sing, I am ravished, and my tractable hautboy longs to answer you; is this art difficult? Alas! to explain what one feels, costs nothing: when one has sensibility and tenderness to form enchanting sounds, one has only to hear you; 'twas that struck me with admiration, and my mouth and my hautboy were inspired by my mind.

Ade. But you expressed sadness!

Y. B. Because you inspired it: take a laughing air, and I'll play an allegro.

Ade. No; these places were not made for vain and frivolous joy; complaints and sighs only are found here.

Y. B. Let me then sigh with you. [*Tenderly.*]

Ade. Alas! I penetrate his designs, and must prevent them. Are you then unhappy?

Y. B. What if I am?

Ade. Perhaps then heaven has sent you that we may console each other; but there must be a mutual confidence. At sun-rise to-morrow, let me find you at the foot of that oak where first you heard me sigh; there my heart will I lay open to your eyes; but you must leave me now.

Y. B. I obey. To-morrow at sun-rise: my impatience overcomes me! Oh, how I shall count each moment!

AIR

A COMIC OPERA.

121

A I R.

*O Time, no more shall it be said,
Thy pond'rous wings are tip'd with lead,
If pitying a lover's sorrow,
Thou'lt haste and quickly bring to-morrow.*

*Love overpowers me,
Impatience devours me,
I dread, yet long to see this spot;
Alike in turn,
I freeze and burn,
And fear and wish---I know not what.*

S C E N E IV. *Adelaide.*

Thus I shall be sure of rendering him to his friends: no, no, I no longer entertain a doubt that under this shepherd's habit I have seen the young Marquis of Bellemine; Guillot's appearance, every thing confirms it: but whence does it arise? no matter whence; every thing adds to my unhappiness; his design is but too evident, and he'll join his intreaties with theirs to reconcile me to the world---ineffectual endeavours!

A I R.

62 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

A I R.

*The little bark may safely ride
Where neither rocks nor quicksands lie,
But driven to sea by wind and tide,
As swift as swallows skim the sky.*

*The horror of the foaming main,
The lightning's glare, the thunder's roar,
Give little prospect that again,
Poor bark! shall ever reach the shore.*

SCENE V. *Scene continues.*

Marquis, Abbé.

Marq. Well, Abbé, I accept your proposal; I'll sign articles of peace immediately, if you'll enter into a treaty to shew off the Count.

Abbé. And you promise, for the future, not to find fault either with my dress or manners.

Marq. You may use nineteen perfumes to as many pocket handkerchiefs, and take out forty toothpicks at one dinner time, without my saying a word: nay, I'll even praise your poetry; and I am sure that's sacrifice enough in all conscience.

Abbé. I'm satisfied.

Marq. To business then: the Count has been teasing me to introduce him to the shepherdess.

Abbé,

Abbé. Him, a brute ! He'd be as ridiculous as the bear in my fable, that makes love to the panther.

Marq. Listen to me : you must know I have been out upon the search, (for I like, I confess, to look at a fresh country girl) and I have found one, the very thing, to pass upon the Count.

Abbé. An admirable thought, curse poison me ! the very episode to my little *Serenata* I made the fellows act so often after Goldoni's Comedies.

Marq. And to make it impossible that he should know the true from the counterfeit, I have got the good man, Blaise, to accommodate him and you at the cottage of one of his neighbours ; so there's no fear of his encountering Adelaide.

Abbé. But, Marquis, are not you afraid the girl herself will discover who she is ?

Marq. Not at all ; I understand she has been ill used by some fellow, who was to have married her ; and I have advised her to snap up the Count out of revenge, and instructed her how to behave at the first interview.

Abbé. Excellentissimo ! *damnato di mio !* poetical justice in every conception !

Marq. But here he comes : remember our first attack is to see how extravagant we can make him by extolling the Countess to the skies.

SCENE VI. *Marquis, Abbé, Count.*

Count. Dear Marquis, what has become of you ? 'tis cruel to leave me to myself in such distress.

F

Marq.

Marq. But, my dear friend, you must take comfort.

Count. No, no, Marquis, there's no comfort for me.

Marq. I grant you the Countess was a most divine creature.

Count. Don't mention her.

Marq. What grace! what spirit! what gaiety!

Count. Had not she! oh! oh! oh! [*cries*]

Abbé. I shall never forget how most incessantly she laughed at my lampoon upon the Friar that we persuaded to go to the play in a domino.

Count. Did she? oh! oh! oh! what an irreparable loss!

Abbé. Particularly the description of the old fellow when his false frizure fell off, ha! ha! ha!

Marq. Ha! ha! ha! to see his bald pate!

Count. I remember something of it, peeping up above his blue silk domino with gold frogs.

Marq. True, true, ha! ha! ha!

Count. He must cut a ridiculous figure, ha! ha! ha!

Abbé. Damn'd ridiculous [*they all laugh together*]

Count. [*finishing the laugh*] ha! ha! ha! --- a --- a ah! I don't wonder that my poor dear should laugh at it, oh! [*sighs*] what shall I do?

Marq. I wish we could console you.

Count. No, I'll never be consoled; every thing calls her to my mind, every body admired her.

Abbé. What admirable talents!

Marq.

Marq. How charmingly she played upon the harp-fichord!

Count. Astonishingly! oh! oh! oh!

Abbé. Especially the cantata I wrote her: her judgment and finger were petrifying, strike me ridiculous.

Marq. How she sung!

Count. Oh! delightful! oh! oh! oh!

Marq. One song in particular.

Count. Ah, what was that? I remember all.

Marq. Let me see, 'twas in one of the operas.

Abbé. Caro amore?

Marq. The very thing.

Count. Ah, she did sing it delightfully indeed!

Marq. Do you remember her manner, Abbé?

Abbé. I'll try [*sings ridiculously*]

Marq. Oh! that was not at all like it.

Count. Not a bit, not a bit; she glided over the passages, ah! [*sighing*]

Abbé. Thus [*sings more ridiculously*]

Count. No, no, I'm out of patience with you, this was it [*sings in a feigned voice.*]

Marq. Bravo! bravo!

Abbé. Exquisitissimo!

Count. Stop, I have not done. [*finishes with a cantabile.*]

Abbé. Charming!

Marq. Enchanting! no, dam'me, there's nothing in the world could make a man amends for the loss of a woman who could sing in that manner.

Count. No, my friends, there is nothing in this world worth my notice.

35 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Marq. 'Tis very true; merit like this was irresistible. I am ready to cry myself, when I think of your situation.

Count. 'Tis friendly of you, my dear Marquis.

Marq. 'Tis terrible to lose so many united accomplishments, for we have not half mentioned them.--- She sung divinely to be sure, but she danced---

Abbé. I remember it! may rose-water poison me, but she was grace itself: her minuet was the most delightful thing. I remember I wrote her a little complimentary trifle on it, called, "Venus in the Fourth Position."

Count. O charming!

Marq. Very true; and then to see her swim an allemande! I remember she had one particular trip that was beautifully elegant---let me see---how was it?--- Give me your hand, Abbé. (*He sings an allemande, and they dance ridiculously*)

Count. No, don't distract me so, pray.---Oh dear! you are not right at all; you *bouree* what you should *chassé*.

Marq. Pardon me; I know very well what I am about; (*singing and dancing*)---The head upright:--- (*singing and dancing*) The body thrown gracefully forward.

Count. Zounds! 'tis no more like her---Give me your hand, Abbé. (*Count sings, and dances about 'till he falls quite out of breath upon a bank*)---Oh! oh! oh! what can ever make me amends for the loss of her?

Marquis to the Abbé) Yonder's my counterfeit shepherdess! do you begone.

Abbé. Well, Count, I shall find you; I must speak to my fellow.

Count

Count. Adieu, Abbé.

Abbé. Adieu!---take care you don't make out the little ballad I wrote upon the road.

Count. What, about inconstancy?---no, there's no danger of that.

Abbé. Take care, that's all.---It runs thus, you know.

A I R.

*The rising sun Lysander found,
Shedding tears o'er Phillis's tomb;
Who swore he ne'er would leave the ground,
But pass his life in that dear gloom.*

*Tearing his hair, the frantic youth,
Cried, "food and raiment I deny;
And with my life shall end my truth,
For love of Phillis will I die."*

II.

*The radiant god made half his tour,
The kine sought shelter from his heat,
Which pass'd within the cottage door,
Where poor Lysander---drank and eat.*

*His dinner finish'd, up he rose,
Stalk'd, sighing, silently and slow,
To where were hung his Sundays clothes,
Then took a walk to chase his woe.*

III.

*The sun to Thetis made his way,
When underneath a friendly shade,
A shepherd sung, in accents gay,
His passion for a gentle maid.*

*O lovers, what are all your cares!
Your sighs! your sufferings! tell me what?
To Daphne 'tis Lysander swears,
And lovely Phillis is forgot.*

SCENE VII. Marquis, Count.

Marq. I am glad he's gone, the troublesome fool.

Count. Tiresome to a degree; well, my dear Marquis, have you seen the Shepherdess?

Marq. Yes, and what's better, I have prepared her to see you, and what's better still, here she comes.

Count. Does she? you throw me all over in an agitation.

Marq. Well, I'll leave you together; remember she's all delicacy.

Count. Never fear.

Marq. Now have mercy upon her; don't wound her too deep.

SCENE VIII. *Count.*

Count. Ah you bantering devil. There will be a fine scene between us, I suppose; I shall persuade, she'll hesitate, and then, ah I know how it will be.

A I R.

A I R.

*First, Sir ; may I perish dear creature,
Fall down and expire at your feet,
If in air, stature, mien, shape, and feature,
Any Venus was e'er so compleat.*

*Then, madam ; lord, you're such another,
I ne'er saw the like in my days ;
You make such a rout, and a pother,
And then you've such wheedling ways.*

*Permit me---I vow, Sir,
To ravish---nay, now, Sir ;
A heavenly kiss---pray be civil ;
Oh nectar---you touze me ;
Ambrosia---and blouze me---
Get along, you agreeable devil.*

*Fir'd all over,
Now, the lover
Sighs nor tears can stay ;
Bold he ventures,
Pleasure enters,
Reason flies away.*

SCENE

40 THE SHEPHERDESSE OF THE ALPS:

SCENE IX. *Count, Jeannotte.*

Count. She is a most heavenly creature.

Jean. Was any poor wretch ever so used as I am?

Count. She seems very unhappy, indeed; I am too much overwhelmed with distress myself not to pity her.

Jean. I could cry for vexation.

Count. Poor soul!----I'll try to comfort her.----
Dear, lovely young creature, may I presume to ask if you are the pretty Shepherdess of the Alps?

Jean. Yes, sir; there's a great many people have said that of me.

Count. And they say you have something upon your mind that very much troubles you.

Jean. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Count. And may I take the liberty, divine creature, to ask what it is?

Jean. Why, sir, I would not tell every body, but such a gentleman as you are, I think there can be no great harm.

Count. Ingenuous and sensible!---'tis too great a sacrifice to let her stay here.---Well, my love.

Jean. Well, sir; my story's very short; 'tis only, sir, that a young man was to have married me, but he grew rich, and despised me, and so has left me to the wide world.

Count. 'T would be a great stroke to carry her off! ---My dear, your ingenuity demands as ingenuous a return: our cases, then, are exactly alike; death has taken away my wife, and ambition your husband.

Jean. No, sir; 'twas another shepherdess that took him away.

Count.

Count. Simplicity itself! I like that.---So you see, my angel, we are both miserable alike.

Jean. Indeed, sir, I pity you; it must be a sad thing for you, indeed:

Count. Oh! a very sad thing; I shall never be happy any more.

Jean. Dear sir, don't squeeze my hand quite so hard.

Count. I was only admiring how like your hand and arm is to my poor deceased wife's.---And so, my love, he has quite forsaken you? (*offering to kiss her*)

Jean. Lord, sir!---yes, sir, he has indeed, and I am sure I don't know what I shall do.

Count. I must have her.---And have you listened to no offers since this affair?

Jean. There have been none made to me, sir.

Count. Your frankness encourages mine, and if I did not fear to offend your delicacy, (for they tell me you have a prodigious deal of that) I would tell you that I have a vacancy in my heart and my house, and that if my person was agreeable---

Jean. You, sir!---Lord, sir! how can I expect such a great man as you? Besides, if you can forget your wife so soon, what would shortly become of me?

Count. Oh my dear! there is not the least comparison: she was old enough to be your mother.

Jean. Oh! that indeed is another thing.

Count. And then you seem to have a heavenly temper.

Jean. Yes, I'm a monstrous good-humour'd girl.

Count. Whereas she was the very devil, and it was impossible to have any peace with her, from morning 'till night.---Come then to my arms, there thou shalt

42 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

find an asylum, and the end of all thy woes; coach, title, equipage, every happiness shall attend you; diamonds—

Jean. A coach! oh dear!---but, sir, you must give me time to think of it.

Count. Well, but—

Jean. Nay, nay, I won't consent to any thing, unless you leave me now; and I'll tell the other gentleman when you shall see me again.

Count. One kiss then for earnest. [*Kisses her.*] Rapture past expressing! [*He goes off.*]

SCENE X. *Jeannotte, Guillot.*

Jean. A coach and jewels! but here comes Guillot: I shall match the gentleman now, I believe.

Guil. So, Mrs. Jeannotte, you are there.

Jean. Yes, sir, I am; and what then?

Guil. Nay, nothing at all; your servant.

Jean. One word, Mr. Guillot, if you please: pray when is the wedding day to be? I suppose, Madam Adelaide has consented; I beg you'll let me be bride-maid.

Guil. To be sure, Jeannotte, one can't do less than that for old acquaintance sake. I see she's as mad as fury, but I'll seem not to mind it. Why now, that is as it should be; I knew all along you did not love me, and so you know how foolish it would have been for two people to be hampered together in a yoke, for nothing in the world but to draw contrary ways.

Jean. Very true, Mr. Guillot; and I dares to say you'll be more happy with a runaway vagabond creature than with an honest virtuous girl, that's not
ashamed

ashamed to tell who her parents are; you may take that wipe as you think proper, sir. A great credit to you, to be sure, instead of working as an honest man ought, to be dancing about in a fool's frock, and running after beauties.

Guil. Why, if I was you, Jeannotte, if I did not care for't, I would not trouble my head about it.

Jean. Oh, not I indeed: I was only going to say, sir, that tho' you fancy me jealous and ugly, and all that's bad, there are men in the world think me the pretty shepherdess of the Alps.

Guil. I don't gain-say it.

Jean. Besides and moreover, to let some folks know other folks can get rich as easy as them; nay, and can keep their coach: what do you think of that? and have their jewels, and their servants to wait upon them.

Guil. I'cod! well done Jeannotte, ha, ha, ha!

Jean. I can tell you, sir, 'tis not a thing to laugh at.

Guil. Why, how canst thou be such a natural? do you think this sham will pass upon me? don't I know 'tis all flim-flam to try me. Well, Jeannotte, I cannot help saying but I am sorry for thee.

Jean. Why, you nasty, good for nothing, false-hearted creature, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought: I do love you, then; I own I do; [*Bursts out a crying*] and if you had not treated me so, I would seen him further with all his fine promises; but now I'll go and keep my coach out of spight.

A I R.

*Time was, when Guillot by my side,
Dress'd out in all our Sunday's pride,
And dancing by yon beechen tree,
'Twas love and joy, and who but we!*

*But worse luck's our's, we're both grown great,
And folly so bewitches,
Content is chang'd for pomp and state,
And happiness for riches.*

II.

*Time was, when Guillot told the priest,
We'd marry at our harvest feast:
Alas! what will the good man say,
Without his fee when sent away?*

For Worse luck's our's, &c.

SCENE XI. Guillot.

A coach and jewels! what is all this? I surely have not been playing the fool 'till I have lost her. I'cod, this puts me in mind, when I was a boy, of catching birds, and letting them go again.

A I R.

A I R.

*Many and often was the time,
When up a tree I us'd to climb,
To search for birds nests in it;
And as the boughs I've mov'd about,
Perhaps the noise has frightened out
All but the last fledg'd linnet.*

II.

*The little thing, from bough to bough,
I'd watch with anxious care, and now
Dodge hither, and now thither,
Till in the cage I've thought it sure;
Forgetting to secure the door,
It flew, the Lord knows whither.*

III.

*What could I do? no use to cry,
Whimper, put finger in the eye,
Blubber, and make a pother;
I e'en was forced to be content,
And onwards as I whistling went,
Perhaps I've found another.*

SCENE

46 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

SCENE XII. *The inside of Blaise's Cottage.*

Blaise, Renette.

Ren. Well, whenever we die, she shall find herself in as good a case as we are.

Blaise. We'll give her all our sheep, and our cottage.

Ren. Ay, and every bit of dowlas that I have been so long a spinning; for I love her as much as if she was my own child.

Blaise. And so do I, she's so good, so sweet, so gentle, for all the world like thee, when thou wert of her age.

Ren. Lord, thou art joking good man.

Blaise. I en't indeed; every-body said you looked the sweetest, and dancing the nimblest in all the village.

Ren. 'Tis thy kindness makes thee think so.

Blaise. Not at all, I have not forgot when I first saw you dancing under the elm; but above all upon our wedding-day; lord how I did love thee!

Ren. Ay, and thou lovest me now too.

Blaise. Ah, but in fifty years of marriage the first fire gets a little low; however, with pleasure I recal the image.

A I R.

A I R.

*Well I remember me, 'twas on the first of May,
With garlands and nosegays first come all our
neighbours ;
Then dressed
In their best,
Came the pipes and the tabors ;
Nothing e'er was so gay !
At rest from their labours,
All kept holiday.
Drums were beating, bells ringing,
No one kind of tillage,
Was seen in the village,
But all sorts of pastime, and dancing, and singing ;

And then at the church, I remember it yet ;
How bashful you look'd, I shall never forget ;
And, when ask'd if your duty as wife you'd fulfil,
Lord, how you did blush, when you answer'd
I will !

Well I remember, &c.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII. *Blaise, Renette, Marquis, Marchionefs.*

Blaise. Dear, dear, if there was but any thing we could do !

Ren. Ay, if you would be so good to tell us how we could serve your honour.

Marq. I thank you, my good friends ; we are very sensible of your kindness, but we only mean to repose ourselves in your cottage this evening ; where is the Shepherdess ? where is the beautiful Adelaide ? I must see her again ; she is as charming as ever.

Blaise. Good Sir, our daughter will be here directly. I believe she is getting for you the best our poor house affords ; we call her our daughter ; heaven knows whose she really is, for we ask her no questions, because we see it afflicts her. However, never had child for a father and mother more kindness than she has for us ; it seems as if some good angel was sent among us to comfort us in our old age.

Ren. Hush ! hush ! good man, here she comes.

SCENE XIV. *Marquis, Marchionefs, Blaise, Renette, and Adelaide, who comes on with Milk in one Hand, and a Basket of Fruit in the other.*

Ade. You are going to sup in a homely manner, my dear lady, but every thing is clean ; our bread is not the whitest, but it is new and good ; the eggs are fresh,
the

the milk is warm, and the fruit I have the honour to present you, is the best the season affords.

March. With what diligence and attention, with what noble and decent grace, this wonderful shepherdess renders all the duties of hospitality!

SCENE XV. Marquis, Marchioness, Blaise, Renette, Adelaide and Guillot, brought on by Dubois, and other of the Marquis's Servants.

Dubois. [without] Come, come, no resistance; you shall be brought before my lord and lady.

Marq. What the devil's all this noise!

Ren. Guillot!

Blaise. My Nephew Guillot!

Marq. What's the matter? speak out, Dubois.

Dubois. Why, Sir, we have found this thief with my young master's clothes on.

March. 'Tis true! 'tis true! I know he was robbed and murder'd. Oh! my child! I shall never see thee again!

Marq. Nay, nay, but, my dear, now, zounds, hear reason.

Guil. Save me, uncle Blaise, I am as innocent as an unborn babe.

Dubois. Yes, yes, your innocence shall be rewarded with a halter.

March. What have you done with my child?

Marq. Speak boldly, don't be afraid.

March. Where did you get those clothes?

Guil. I swopped mine for them, indeed I did; I should not have taken them, only they were forced on

H

me;

50 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

me; and because I did it to cure Jeannotte of her jealousy.

Marq. A very harmless thing; go on, my lad; you swopped them, you say, who did you swop them with?

Guil. I can't tell.

March. Some thief who has killed my child, and so got rid of his clothes to prevent being suspected.

Marq. My dear! zounds, if you interrupt him so, how do you expect ever to come at the truth?

March. I don't interrupt him, I only say that---

Marq. Now, pray, hold your tongue.---Well.

Guil. I was going to say he did not look at all like a thief; he seem'd, to me, more like some young gentleman crossed in love.

March. Of what age?

Guil. Oh, about my age, and I am twenty to-morrow; my birth-day is once a year---every wine harvest; and, because of that, Jeannotte and I were to be married.

March. His size?

Guil. About my size; or else, you know, our clothes would not have fitted each other; in short, he bought of me every thing I had; my cottage, my flock, my clothes; and so, rather than go naked, I put on his; now you know all.

Marq. I could have sworn I was right; 'tis my son himself, without doubt; and where have you left him?

Guil. In my cottage that was, where he is now sleeping upon a bed of straw, as happy, I warrant you, as a prince.

Dubois.

Dubois. If this is all true, why did you run away from us ?

Guil. Because you run after me, to be sure ; I did not know but you might be thieves, to tell you the truth ; and my uncle can tell you, that I was always frightful from my cradle.

Ade. I have heard his story with some attention, and think as you do, that it is your son ; if it is him, he plays upon the hautboy.

Marq. There are fewer better fingers in Italy.

Guil. I'cod, that's my young man ; it would have done your heart good to have heard him this morning, how his fingers did work it about.

March. Let us, this instant, go and find him.

Marq. Now, why the devil do you want to frighten the boy out of his sleep ?

Ade. Indeed, in your place, I would not be too precipitate ; if you were to disturb him thus in the middle of the night, perhaps he might fly into the woods.

March. Good Heaven ! you make me tremble.

Ade. Without hazarding this, or without alarming him, let me manage this business ; and, to-morrow, I'll engage to bring him to your arms.

March. You have seen him then, my dear child ?

Ade. I have, madam.

Marq. Well, my dear, what the devil, do you think I don't know a little about these things ? did not I tell you how it was ? the truth is, the boy has heard us talk, a thousand times, in praise of Adelaide ; from the picture we drew, he fell in love with her ; and determined to come here to see her ; 'tis a fault, but it

52 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

is an honest fault, the effect of a young head, but
movement of a good heart.

A I R.

Chorus. *Our Cares are o'er, he's found! he's found!
Long look'd for is come home at last,
Let now appear
Your friendly cheer,
And as the wine we push around,
We'll laugh at all our troubles past.*

Marq. *And so, friend, you and he chang'd clothes?*

Guil. *Yes, sir, and please you, that was all;
I meant no harm in it, God knows.*

Blaise. *Come, sir, our table is but small;
Here, Guillot, stir thyself, my lad;
For madam, put the great arm chair;
Your cheer, I fear, will be but sad.*

Marq. *'Tis very well, friend Blaise, sit there;
My pretty Adelaide,—nay, don't frown;
Blaise,—Renette—Hey, what neither sit!
Either, this minute, both sit down,
Or dam'me! if I eat a bit.*

Chorus. *Our cares are over, &c,*

Marq.

Marq. *Now, if sweet Adelaide would look gay,
I should have all I could desire ;
Nay, 'tis not fair to turn away
From mirth, which you yourself inspire.*

Ade. *Dear sir, I'm chearful.*

Marq. *That one smile
Went to my heart : there must be ways
Found out, her sorrow to beguile ;
I'd have her happy.---Hey, friend Blaise,*

Blaise. *Ah, sir, I fain wou'd see that hour,
For she's, as 'twere, my child, all one ;
But we, I fear, have no such power.*

Marq. *Suppose I go and fetch my son.*

Chorus. *Our cares are o'er, &c.*

[The curtain drops at the end of the chorus, as they
are sitting at the table.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT,

ACT

34 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Marquis, Adelaide.*

Adelaide.

HEAVENS! for what am I reserved!--- how unlucky was this rencounter with the Marquis and his lady! they have, without intending it, exposed me to the odious addresses of this Abbé, and every danger; ---my retreat is discovered, and I run a thousand risks of being hourly insulted.

Marq. Ah, my lovely girl, I have been looking for you; do you know you have robbed my wife and me of a night's sleep?

Ade. Me, Sir!

Marq. Yes, you---you may remember when we were here before, we used every argument in our power to induce you to go with us to Italy; and though afterwards, at your earnest intreaty, we promised never to say any more to you on the subject, we could hardly refrain from breaking this promise.

Ade. Alas! Sir, don't think of me!---I am put in the world to make every-where unhappiness.

Marq. Look'e, Adelaide, I would not be thought inquisitively impertinent; nor do I mean to seek any thing but your happiness. I tell you my wife and I have been debating the matter all night; and, for the first time, I believe, this seven years, we are both in one mind. In consequence of our determination, I come to offer you my son; we are convinced your birth is as good as ours; and as to fortune, if any

chance has robbed you of that, 'tis lucky my boy has a good swinging one to put in his scale, which would otherwise be overbalanced by your merit. Confide then to us the secret of your distress; I know beforehand, 'tis something that will make you more respectable in our eyes, for it is impossible that any thing but goodness should dwell in such a heart as your's.

Ade. Sir, I acknowledge that the notice you have been pleased to take of me, is a distinction, with which I had no right to flatter myself. I confess, also, that I ought to look upon the offer of your son, as a very high compliment; your unparalleled kindness will never be erased from my memory; but, Sir, there is an abyss between the world and me, that nothing can overleap.

Marq. My dear child, the more you humiliate yourself, the higher you rise in my esteem; at least, let me shew you the necessity of disclosing to us your situation, that we may know how to soften the rigour of your fate. Consider what a terrible thing it will be to endure the inclemency of the seasons without a friend to support, or assist you; you'll find no more Blaisses and Renettes; you'll be an object of envy to the other villagers. Come, come, Adelaide, I have not made such a fine speech a long time, and, pray, don't let it be in vain.

Ade. Sir, you shall know my story. I am now going to tell it your son; he ought not to think of me, and I have no other way of restoring him to himself and you, than by holding up the unfortunate circumstances of my life, that he may be the first to say 'tis impossible we should ever be united. Thus you will be acquainted with all my unhappiness; and in return
for

56 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

for this confidence, I must entreat you, when you leave this place, to take every possible precaution to prevent my being an object of odious curiosity; and while you stay here, to guard me from importunities, which are as hateful as they are ineffectual.

Marq. That mandrake of an Abbé, I'll lay a million; damn him, I'll cut his ears off. Beautiful young creature, you render yourself more and more estimable every moment. Be assured, you have nothing to do but name your wishes, and every thing within my fortune shall be your's.

A I R.

Ade. *My tears---alas! I cannot speak!
Must thank this goodness, sure, divine!
For had I words, words are too weak,
Too poor, to vent such thoughts as mine.*

*The sun, in its meridian height,
Will gratitude like this inspire;
Whose kindly heat, and piercing light,
We wonder at, and we admire.*

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Marquis, Blaise.*

Marq. I am not very fond of the pathetic, but, some how or other, I can't help being touched to the soul with this amiable young creature's distress.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Marquis, Abbé.*

Mar. Your most humble servant, Mr. Abbé,
[dry/y.]

Abbé. I have been searching for you, Marquis; I have the most ridiculous circumstance in nature to tell you, 'twould be matter for ten satirical odes.

Marq. What is it?

Abbé. The Count has made me the confident of his amour.

Marq. No, no.

Abbé. He has; and my fellow, la Pierre, is now upon the search for the best carriage to be found in this miserable place, to carry off him and his fair one.

Marq. That's excellent!

Abbé. And what think you I intend to do?

Marq. Nay, I don't know.

Abbé. At the moment he gives his hand to the counterfeit Shepherdes of the Alps, I will step in with the real one; drive off, and leave the poor, Count in the lurch.

Marq. And you are really so egregiously conceited to believe this?

Abbé. She has seen me, Sir.

Marq. I know she has; and, to cut the matter short, has placed herself under my protection; you *must* therefore drop all thoughts of her.

Abbé. *Must*, that's a little strong, Sir.

Marq. Come, come, Abbé, it won't do; you can't marry her, because you are of the church; and if you meditate any other design, it becomes my affair.

I

Abbé.

Abbé. Your affair; which way?

Marq. Because, as an honest man, this young creature's unfortunate situation obliges me to prevent her being insulted.

Abbé. You are rather too old, I should think, to profess yourself a protector of distressed damsels, Marquis.

Marq. One can never be too old, puppy, to profess one's self a protector of innocence; besides, I have brought you here; therefore am in some degree accessory to your outrageous folly; and, a word in your ear---a man may by chance admit a rascal into his company; but if he finds him out, and does not chastise him, he is little better than a rascal himself.

Abbé. Sir, though I don't wear a sword, I can use one.

Marq. To do you justice, I know you can, though I should be sorry to see you draw it in so unworthy a cause. However, if it should be necessary, I don't believe I have forgot that kind of sport myself. I have only then one word to say to you; you must either give me your honour never to speak to Adelaide any more, or you and I are two.

Abbé. You and I *are* two then, my Lord! pen and person; I'll not be answerable for my actions to you, or any man; I did the girl the honour, I confess, to make love to her, and she answered me with a great deal of pride, and a great deal of impertinence, which must, and shall be subdued, even though the Marquis of Belemine was ever so to profess him her knight errant.

Marq.

Marq. Very well, very well, I shall watch you ;
in the mean time, if you think to commit any violence
by availing yourself of this young creature's defenceless
situation, you are no better than a robber, who would
take away her honour because he had a pistol at her
breast.

A I R.

*Why, is the devil in you !
Or are you such a ninny,
To believe of you she'll ever think, persuade her all you
can ?
No, no, whate'er believe you,
Your hopes will all deceive you ;
For a girl of sense will yield to---not a monkey, but a
man.*

II.

*Zounds ! can that hat and feather,
Or the coxcomb altogether,
A squire of silk---a mandrake---a mere flash in the
pan ;
His pretty self admiring---
Be ought but hate-inspiring,
When a woman always yields to---not a monkey, but a
man.*

III.

*Then give this folly over ;
 Nor seek to blend the lover
 With the ruffian ; for I plainly can discover that's your
 plan ;
 Or spight of all your vapouring,
 I'll so finely spoil your capering,
 You shall own this arm belongs to---not a monkey, but a
 man.*

SCENE III. *Abbé, La Pierre.*

Abbé. Dam'me, I'm piqued at this.---Oh, here comes La Pierre.---Well, what news ?

La P. Oh, sir ! they'll be drawn to matrimony in much the same stile as they draw criminals to execution ; but however, that's not very widely different from the lady's situation.

Abbé. What, you have got a carriage, then ?

La P. Yes, sir, and such a one !

Abbé. Well, but the plan is changed :---I am going in this carriage instead of the Count.

La P. You, sir !---oh ! oh ! I smoke it. I saw you together.---Why, sir, the bargain has not been long making---so modest too !---well, who will ever trust to countenances after this ?

Abbé. Hold, Monsieur La Pierre ; not quite so fast, if you please : the bargain is not so firmly made, but there will be a necessity for a little agreeable violence--you understand me.---I suppose it's possible to procure three or four sturdy fellows ?

La

La P. Whew!----are we thereabouts? why, this affair will make a noise, sir.

Abbé. I would have it. In short, this must all be done within half an hour; meet me at the cottage, and if you see the Count, tell him you can't succeed for him.

La P. I am gone, sir; I suppose I may say that your honour's purse is pretty full.

Abbé. What you please, as to that---and for thee, if I am happy, I'll give thee a snug birth in a convent of Benedictines for thy pains.

SCENE IV. *Abbé.*

Thus, before there doubtless Marquis will have time to look about him, will I be far enough with my lovely prey; our little novel will exactly make out the ballad I wrote once upon my stealing a nun out of a convent.

A I R.

*The coy Pastora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay;
Damon, who never fair pursued,
But she became an easy prey.*

*Yet with this nymph his ev'ry power
In vain he tries, no language moves;
Thus do we see the tender flower
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.*

II. *Piqued*

62 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

II.

*Piqued at the little angry puffs,
Cried he, she sets me all on fire !
Then plagues himself, and makes this fuss,
Only to raise her value higher.*

*For that she loves me every hour,
Each moment, some new instance proves :
Thus do we see the tender flower
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.*

III.

*How to resolve then, what resource ?
By fair means she will ne'er come to ;
What of a little gentle force,
Suppose I try what that will do ?*

*I know she'll tears in torrents pour ;
I know her cries will pierce the groves :
Thus do we see the tender flower
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.*

SCENE

A COMIC OPERA.

167

SCENE V. Marquis, Guillot, Jeannotte, (*who come on disputing.*)

Guil. Why, I tell you, Jeannotte, if you had not been so jealous, it would never have happened.

Jean. Why, for the matter of that, Guillot, if I had been ever so jealous, I don't see why—

Marq. Nay, nay, damn it! don't fall out the moment you have made it up. You have promised never to be jealous any more; and you, never to give any cause; upon these conditions, I shall throw something into your purse; in the mean time you both remember how I told you to manage the Count.

Jean. Yes, sir, never fear, I have got my story.

Guil. And so have I mine.

Marq. Well, here he comes; leave us together for a minute, and come to him when you find him alone; first Guillot, and then Jeannotte

Both. We'll take care. [*They retire.*]

SCENE VI. Marquis, Count.

Marq. So, Count.

Count. So, Marquis; I have ten thousand obligations to you: she is ready to go off with me.

Marq. To go off with you! how the devil could you bring her to this?

Count. I don't know; my old way, I insinuated and insinuated.—

Marq.

24 THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Marq. 'Till she could refuse you nothing, eh! why this will make a devil of a clatter at Turin: you'll be envied by the whole world.

Count. Yes, I believe I shall, indeed.

Marq. And so the Countess is quite forgotten!

Count. Now, Marquis, that's unfriendly of you; I had just got over the first shock, and you have revived it again in my mind.

Marq. Now, damn it, Count, this is so absurd between two such friends as you and I: don't I know what a life you used to lead with her?

Count. Horrible, indeed! but to do her justice, poor woman, she had a great many virtues.

Marq. What virtues! was not she petulant, capricious, ill-tempered?

Count. As the devil! but then she was divinely handsome.

Marq. Handsome! what, with that meagre figure, and her painting herself red and white!

Count. I have told her a thousand times how detestable it was: but then her features—

Marq. Were at a mile's distance from each other.

Count. To be sure, they were a little irregular; but, however, in perfection itself you may find some flaw; we see spots in the sun.

Marq. Come, come, her perfections, compared to her imperfections, were a drop in the ocean, a grain of pepper upon a turtle; In short, she was a mixture of mischief and malice; incapable of pleasing herself, and envying all those who could; her delight was to tyrannize over her husband, and to play the coquette with every body else.

Count.

Count. Dam'me, if I did not tell her the very words once myself when we quarrelled.

Marq. How different is the present object of your wishes, gentle, mild, engaging!

Count. Oh, to rapture!

Marq. So far from thinking herself above you, she will look up to you as the author of her good fortune.

Count. Very true, my dear friend, I'll go this minute and beg of her; but, zounds! we can't get a carriage to take us from hence.

Marq. I, who am your friend upon all other occasions, have thought upon that too; there is one Guillot, I fancy, can do your business; he is nephew to the honest people where we are; yonder is the very man; well, I'll leave you together; I am going to see if my wife has left her toilet; I saw the sun rise this morning, and the ceremony put me exactly in mind of a lady's issuing from her dressing-room.

A I R.

In the month of May,

The morning grey,

First, peeps a doubtful light:

Three strikes the clock,

The village cock

Next crows with all his might

Each waking bird,

Chirping is heard;

Tinges of red the sky adorn;

Bird, man, and beast,

Regard the east,

And, pleas'd, salute the rising morn.

*The shepherd now his flock unfolds ;
 Night, like a thief, steals slow away ;
 His dingy hue,
 Ugly to view,
 Is chang'd to a delightful blue ;
 All nature's gay ;
 And now the villager beholds
 His mowers mow, his ploughers plough,
 Sheep bleat, birds sing, and oxen low :
 Each rural sound salutes his ears ;
 He whistles to make one :
 And now,
 Usher'd by all this fine parade,
 In ev'ry splendid pomp array'd,
 Appears
 The radiant sun.*

*So, after abundance of toilet affairs,
 And Betty has nine times ran up and down stairs,
 For lappets and ribbands, and one thing and t' other,
 And the house, top and bottom's alarm'd with the
 pother,
 And a hundred things more are done equally risible,
 The lady, at last, condescends to be visible.*

SCENE VII. *Count, Guillot.*

Guil. My uncle Blaise has lent me some clothes, so I look a little more like myself, and if they catch me being a gentleman again---

Count. Servant, friend.

Guil. Your's, sir, and please you.

Count. If your name's Guillot, I am informed you can furnish me with a carriage to take me to Medina.

Guil.

Guil. Why, sir, I believe I could do such a thing.
How many persons is it to carry.

Count. Me and another.

Guil. I beg your pardon, sir, but you are the gentleman that's come with the gentlefolks at uncle's, an't you?

Count. I am, my friend.

Guil. Oh, I have been spoke to about it before.

Count. What, may I hope by my charming shepherdess?

Guil. Ay, ay, you know who I mean well enough.
---I'cod, what a work you have made with her!

Count. Do you think she loves me, then?

Guil. Loves you! if the King loved me half so well, I need not be a poor peasant here in a village.

Count. And so you can get us a carriage? well, I shall reward you for it; and pray what sort of a one is it?

Guil. Why, they ben't the best in the world, our way; it will break down five or six times before we reach Medina.

Count. Break down!

Guil. O yes, that we always lay our account to; but then we take care and carry a parcel of cords with us, to set things right again.

Count. Oh, I had rather we could have gone all the way without breaking down.

Guil. If the thing could be, so would I too, sir.

Count. Well, and what sort of cattle have you?

Guil. Why, as to that, sir, pretty well, I don't think they'll founder above three times.

Count. Founder!

Guil. Yes, sir; we shall have three times, I reckon, to stop in the snow; about five hours at a spill.

Count. In the snow!

Guil. Yes, sir; but then your love will keep you warm.

Count. To be sure I would undergo a little in consideration of that.

Guil. And then I hope you are pretty well as to courage, sir?

Count. How do you mean?

Guil. Why, sir; they say there's a woundy sight of robbers that way.

Count. Robbers! hang it, that's unlucky.---Well, but I hope they are none of those damn'd banditti rascals who murder people?

Guil. Always.

Count. An't you afraid, then, for yourself?

Guil. O Sir, they never touch the guide.

Count. Well, I must consult the Marquis about it. At all events get ready.---Where shall I find you?

Guil. Oh, at uncle's.

Count. You know the way?

Guil. Yes, yes; every inch of it.---Let me see.

A I R.

*Off we go from Break-neck-sleep,
Softly, softly, jades, so! so!
Till we see the mountains peep,
Cover'd with huge heaps of snow.*

But

But small matters travellers never must mind;
 We laugh at each stumble, and sing at each trip;
 For you, sir, d'ye see,
 You've to cheer up your spirits, a kind coming fair,
 Who, the more we're in danger, the more will be kind.
 And then, as for me,
 I've a drop in my pocket to keep out the air,
 And I'm always reviv'd at the smack of the whip.

II.

By-and-by to Cripple-hill,
 Tired and jaded we arrive;
 Where, for some hours, we stand still,
 The worn-out cattle scarce alive.
 But small matters, &c.

III.

' See the carriage one side bang,
 ' And now upon its end, and now,
 ' Apart the breaking traces bang,
 ' And souse we tumble in a slough.
 ' But small matters, &c.'

IV.

Next, to Cut-throat dale we reach;
 Where, from behind some lonely bush,
 With blunderbuss, and pistols each,
 A dozen lurking villains rush.
 But small matters, &c.

SCENE VIII. *Count, Jeannotte.*

Count. I must throw none of these objections in her way :---here she is. Well, my love, you are come in good time : we shall have a carriage directly, and then upon the wings of love.---

Jean. Ay, all that's very well, if I could believe you'd love me for ever.

Count. How can you think otherwise? who would not have done as much as I have, for the tender, gentle, beautiful Shepherdess of the Alps? your distress bespoke my pity; pity softened into love, and love commanded me to throw myself and my fortune at your feet.

Jean. Yes, but ours has been but a short acquaintance; and how do I know but you wants to inveigle me away for some wicked purpose?

Count. My dear, I would not harbour such a thought for the world: my intention is to take you directly to Turin, there to bespeak you clothes, jewels, every thing proper for your intended situation; and when my twelvemonth and a day expires, to marry you.

Jean. Twelvemonth and a day!

Count. Yes, my dear; you know it would not be decent before.

Jean. I can tell you, Sir, I won't wait so long as that: ---to love you so dearly as I do, indeed, and not be married 'till then!

Count. But, my life, what can I do?

Jean. Why, marry me before you go.

Count.

Count. Consider, love:---besides there's no such thing as getting a priest.

Jean. O Lord! our curate will do the job, and thank you into the bargain, if you'll give him a good fee; and then, as I am to be a lady, you know, I can't see why you may not bring me acquainted with the gentlefolks, and then we may all go away together.

Count. That's true; but if they find I have made such a sudden resolution---

Jean. They may laugh at you, perhaps you think; Oh, sir, if you are ashamed of your choice, indeed!

Count. No, my life, it is not that.

Jean. I can tell you, sir, I would not turn my back for virtue and honesty to any one; and then as to beauty-----

Count. Venus was never half so handsome.

Jean. I don't know she, but I am sure I am very well to pass.

Count. Zounds! I shall lose her. My love, you are every thing to me, and your will shall be obey'd.

Jean. Ay, that's saying something; but I think you had better make me acquainted with the gentlefolks first, and then you may get one of your friends to stand father.

Count. A good thought.

Jean. And another thing;---you don't think of marrying me in that dismal suit of clothes, do you?

Count. My dear, I have no other with me.

Jean. Oh, I dare say the gentleman will lend you some.

Count. Well, but.---

Jean.

Jean. Ah, there! You are at your butts again.

Count. Well, well, I'll make no objections; every thing shall be as you desire it: I'll go and find the Marquis directly.---Adieu. [*He goes off.*]

Jean. Oh dear! how I shall laugh to see him in his finery.

A I R.

Ah men what silly things you are,

To woman thus to humble;

Who, fowler like, but spreads her snare,

Or at her timid game,

Takes aim,

Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,

O'er clover, grass, or stubble;

Can wing you, feather you, or kill,

Just as she takes the trouble.

Ah men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,

We know the art of setting,

As well as shooting, and can train

The shyest man our net in.

Ah men, &c.

SCENE

SCENE IX. *The Tomb seen in another point of View.* Bellemeine.

Y. B. Three hours have I waited here in anxious expectation, contemplating every one of those objects that have so often been silent witnesses of her grief :--- all nature seems to respect it---and where-e'er she comes, like gloomy mists at the approach of day, all other objects shrink back, and behold her approach with silent admiration---what can it be ?

A. I. R.

*Bright gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every lesser star,
Who darting each a downward ray,
Console us for the loss of day.*

*Begone, even Venus who so bright,
Reflects her visions pure and white ;
Instant begone, and quit the skies,
For lo ! the moon begins to rise.*

II.

*Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant such artless tales of love ;
The throstle, gurgling in his throat ;
The linnet, with his silver note.*

L

The

74 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

*The soaring lark, the whistling thrush,
The merry blackbird, goldfinch, bush,
Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing,
The nightingale begins to sing.*

But she is here, and all at once the blood forsakes my very heart; how I tremble to approach her!

SCENE X. *Young Bellemine, Adelaide.*

Ade. I have made you wait; but I'll hasten to recompense your patience; you know upon what conditions you are to hear my story; let us speak to one another then without disguise. I'll begin, and let my confidence encourage your's; listen---my unhappiness will be a lesson for you---Shepherd, behold this tomb.

AIR.

A I R.

*Here sleeps in peace, beneath this rustic vase,
The tenderest lover a husband could prove;
Of all his distress, alas, I am the cause;
So much I ador'd him, heaven envied my love.*

*The sighs I respire ev'ry morn I arise,
The misery I cherish, the grief, and the pain;
The thousand of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the sad comforts, for me, that remain.*

II.

*When, his colour's display'd, honour call'd him to arms,
By tender persuasions I kept him away;
His glory forgetting for those fatal charms;
And, to punish me, he is depriv'd of the day.
Since when to his memory I've rais'd this sad tomb,
Where to join him, alas! I shall shortly descend;
Where sorrow, nor pain, nor affliction can come,
And where both my love, and my crime shall have end.*

(After a long Silence.)

Ade. Now tell me of what parents you are born, and what reduced you to the state of shepherd?

Y. B. Cease to question me, 'twould afflict you to know an ill you cannot cure. You are unhappy, but I am more so; and such is the nature of my distress, that an eternal silence must lock it up in my heart.

Ade. Alas! how can I without knowing who you are, and what are your troubles, any longer place a confidence in you? the mystery you make raises a cloud between us.

Y. B. Don't be offended at my silence! 'tis terrible to be condemned to it. The assiduous companion of all your steps, I'll sweeten your labour; I'll partake your cares, and you shall never repent of having reposed your miseries in a heart, alas! but too sensible.

Ade. No, it cannot be; I exact from you the most sincere confession, and I think I merit it; I have spoken to you without mystery, and you ought to imitate me.

Y. B. Alas! let me finish my deplorable life, without leaving you to reproach yourself with having shortened it.

Ade. Still more and more mysterious,

Y. B. What would you have me say then?---
I am---

Ade. Speak!

Y. B.

Y. B. Bellemine! the son of those travellers you so penetrated with respect and admiration.

And you have left your unhappy family in tears?

Y. B. Their report of your virtues and your charms, inspired me with the fatal design to come and see you thus disguised; you therefore know the cause of my error.

Ade. O fly and console---

Y. B. Spare me unuseful counsels and reproaches; my resolution is as fixed, as unalterable as your's; I see all the repugnance you have to make me unhappy; I see your heart is with him who reposes in that tomb; I see that nothing can detach you from it; your duty is never to love me, and my fate for ever to adore you.

SCENE XI. *Adelaide, Abbe, Peasants.*

Ade. [Looking after him] Poor Bellemine!

Abbe. Here she is. Come, ma'am, you seem a lady fond of adventures, and therefore I hope you'll not make much resistance; come let me gently force you to be happy.

Ade. What do you mean, Sir?

Abbe. [Taking hold of her.] My dear, I can't talk, I shall have time enough to obtain my pardon: here my honest fellows, assist me. [They seize her]

Ade. Oh, [screams] Heaven! what would you do?

78 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

SCENE XII. *Abbé, Adelaide, Young Bellemine, Peasants.*

Y. B. How's this? *Adelaide* in distress!—hold off, you ruffians! [*They turn upon him, Adelaide runs off.*]
Nay, I regard not your numbers. What do I see, the Abbé dela Mouche!

Abbé. Young Bellemine!

SCENE XIII. *Abbé, Young Bellemine, Marquis, Marchioness Adelaide, Blaise, Renette.*

Marq. [*Speaking as he comes on*] Where are they? where are they? never fear my boy, the dog has courage enough.

Y. B. My father! gods!

Ade. [*Shewing Young Bellemine to his mother*] Madam, I have fulfilled my promise.

Marq. So, Mr. Abbé you are there! did not I tell you, you had better be quiet? you little thought what a terrier I had to set after your heels.

Abbé. I little expected, indeed, the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bellemine.

Y. B. Nor that you should be chastized, I suppose, for the outrage you have meditated against decency, and the laws.

Abbé. Sir, there's no talking here; you'll find me at Turin.

Y. B.

Y. B. I will find you at Turin, Sir; in the mean time begone! and thank this company that I part with you upon such easy terms.

Abbé. Here, la Pierre; at Turin, Mr. Belleminé, I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you, Sir; in the mean time, I am this company's most obedient slave.

[Sings] *Thus do we find the tender flower
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.*

SCENE XIV. *Marchioness, Young Belleminé, Renette, Adelaide.*

Marq. So, you young dog, I have had a pretty race after you, I think.

Y. B. Pardon me, Sir, nor make me more miserable than I am.

Marq. Oh, my dear child, why would you be so cruel to leave me in such despair?

Y. B. I feel, madam, how much these reproaches are my due; but by the ills I endure, love is revenged of nature, and your son is lost.

March. How! my child?

Y. B. I have done every thing, quitted every thing for her; answer me, could I love any thing more beautiful? but I adore in vain; a young and faithful widow, she weeps a husband buried in that tomb.

Marq. 'Tis for that then, so young and handsome, she has quitted the world.

4

March.

Mardi. The name of your husband, my dear child! I had imagined this company last time before!

Ade. Dorestan.

March. And your's is a

Ade. Seville guided to study the Bay of Hadd I

Marq. Why, I know both the names as well, as my own. Did not I say my boy knew what he was about? why, you dog, she is descended from one of the best families in France.

March. Indeed, child, her heart was worthy of you ; but the love you have conceived for her, is a flame that must be extinguished.

R. B. If I must quit Adelaide, I shall soon after quit the light; I feel too well, that the same instant will decide my life and my love.

March. You see, child, his extreme unhappiness.

Ade. Ah! how miserable I am!

Marq. Come, come, why should we stay here to afflict her? I did not believe it a matter so serious as this: we won't ask you, Adelaide, to accompany us.

March. I wish to heaven she would.

Ade. Alas! madam, how can I?

R. B. Adieu, all that I love. [*Tenderly.*]

Adc. Adieu, Bellemine. [*Hesitating.*]

Y. B. Oh, what an effort! no, I feel I shall sink under it; let me then upon this tomb. [*He is going to throw himself upon the tomb, and the Marquis catches him in his arms.*]

Know all things **March.**

A COMIC OPERA. 31

March. Alas! Adelaide, your heart is without pity, and for a family too who have so much friendship for you.

Ade. Dear madam, what would you have me do?

March. I would have you go with us: I ask not for a return of my child's love, your pity will suffice, and that I implore; without that, you'll cause his death; and alas, mine soon afterwards!

Ade. Dear madam.

March. Save my child! make this effort; a mother upon her knees asks his life.

Blaise. Indeed, my dear child, you make madam too unhappy.

Ren. Pray, pray, consent.

Marq. Nay, nay, Adelaide, I must put in a word now: how can you deny us? besides your adventure will be known every where; nay, have you not already been exposed to violence? though, thanks to my boy, you were rescued from it: for his sake then, for your own,---

Blaise. For all our sakes.

Ade. [*She looks separately at them all, as they supplicate her, and at last goes up to the tomb.*] Oh Dorestan, thy heart was noble and generous; and if thou canst read in the bottom of my mind, thou wilt not complain of so holy a duty.---Rise, Bellemine!

Y. B. What voice was that! [*starting up.*]

M

Marq.

82 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

Marq. What voice! why the voice of thy Adelaide, who consents to go with us to Turin; oh! you young dog, you have got the use of your limbs now, I see.

Y. B. Oh, my Adelaide!

Marq. What the devil have we here?

SCENE XV. Marquis, Marchioness, Y. B. Adelaide, Blaise, Renette, Count, Jeannotte. [*The Count dressed out.*]

Count. Give me joy! my friends, give me joy!

Marq. Ah, the Count!

Count. Yes, not the whining, crying Count; but the laughing, happy Count; zounds! I can't help thinking what an afs I have been; to be sure, 'tis a sudden change; but who'll blame me when they know what a temptation was thrown in my way; the lovely, solitary shepherdess of the Alps!

Y. B. How's this!

SCENE the last. *To them, Guillot dressed for his Journey.*

Guil. I crave pardon; oh! Sir, you are there; well, every thing is ready, the cattle are too---[*seeing Jeannotte toying with the Count.*] Heyday! Jeannotte, what is all this?

Count. Jeannotte ! what does the fellow mean by Jeannotte ? Sir, this is the lovely Adelaide ; the Shepherdess of the Alps.

Guil. Oh lord ! I know a little better than that too ; 'tis our Jeannotte, I tell you ; and, to say the truth, I don't understand her toying about along of you, when she is to be married this morning to me.

Count. What is all this, Marquis ?

Marq. 'Tis very true, Count, I assure you ; yonder's Adelaide with my son.

Count. And have I then swerved from my duty ; dressed myself up like a mountebank ? this was your contrivance then, Marquis.

Marq. It was indeed, Count.

Count. And pray, Sir, why ?

Marq. I'll tell you why : from an inveterate aversion I have to every sort of hypocrisy ; come, come, I'll settle all your future situations : you and Jeannotte shall enjoy your farm ; which my son shall restore you again ; Blaise and Renette shall go with us ; and, as they have lived like Baucis and Philemon, so shall they die ; for I'll change their cottage into a palace--- As for you, Count---

Count. I am a wretch, a puppy ; I feel it, and will never shew my face again ; I'll get into my weeds, and never more be comforted.

Marq. An excellent resolution ! and there never was so fine an opportunity ; and dam'me, if I was you, I'd stay here in these wild mountains ; let my hair and my claws grow, and vegetate, like Nebuchad-

34 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS:

nezzar ; and now, my amiable daughter, we'll restore you to the world.

Adel. Alas, sir ! how shall I bear its reproaches ?

Marq. What reproaches ! let it have been witness to our united solicitations, let it have seen the noble conflict in your mind, and then, could the severest censurer have denied, that the Shepherdess of the Alps was amiable, even in her infidelity ?

A I R.

Chorus. *Each kind auspicious power,
If goodness is your care,
Exhaustless blessings shower
Upon this tender pair.*

Y. B. *Ah me ! what joy ! no never
Will I again repine ;
My Adelaide is, for ever,
Ye powers ! for ever mine ;
Ne'er will I let her languish,
But every care employ
To turn each tear of anguish
Into a smile of joy.*

Thus

A COMIC OPERA.

85

*Thus trying to deserve her all I may,
I'll give the talking world right cause to say---*

Chorus. *Each kind auspicious power,
If goodness is your care,
Exhaustless blessings shower
Upon this tender pair.*

Ade. *Adieu, ye woods, ye fountains,
Adieu, my pretty sheep,
Who oft' have left the mountains,
And gaz'd to see me weep.
And ah! may'st thou acquit me,
Belov'd and honour'd shade,
And own, as did befit me,
I every duty paid.*

*Not but a tear, thy tribute, oft' I'll pay,
That all the world may still have cause to say---*

Chorus. *Each kind auspicious power,
If goodness is your care,
Exhaustless blessings shower
Upon this tender pair.*

Marq.

86 THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS, &c.

Marq. *Now critics, your election
We wait with anxious care ;
Oh ! give your kind protection
To this, else, wretched pair !
To comfort her's your duty ;
For should you give her pain,
'Twill be the first time beauty
Has pleaded here in vain.*

*No, rather send us, smiling, all away ;
And, joining chorus, clap your hands and say---*

Chorus. *Each kind auspicious power,
If goodness is your care,
Exhaustless blessings shower
Upon this tender pair.*

T H E E N D.

W. R. L. T. C.

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